New Republic

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NEW HOPE

FOR PEACE?

TEST FOR THE STEELWORKERS

By MICHAEL STRAIGHT

5¢

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

To BIG, strapping, ambitious Stassen it's absurdly simple. Just outlaw the Communist Party. Solve the issue by passing a law. Dewey and the others are "coddling" the party—I, Stassen, the modern Ham Fish, am the man to trust.

To Dewey, out in Oregon, the brazenness of this demagoguery is shocking. He emerges from his icy coldness. For the moment he becomes practically human. This is the supreme test. The stake is the White House. His opponent's guard is down. It is Oregon that is voting, but the nation that is listening. He reiterates what he said in Portland:

"As I have watched the repeated proposal of this easy panacea for getting rid of ideas we do not like by passing a law, I have been increasingly shocked. . . . I will never seek votes that way from free Americans, and for my part I would rather never again hold public office than to stand silent in the face of such a proposal."

The Oregon debate magnificently demonstrates the value of open primaries. Whatever the local result, it has exposed to millions the character of Stassen's "liberalism." And it has given, even to Tom Dewey, a touch of glamor.

The modernistic little theater in the new State Department Building is hot and steaming. Two blinding Hollywood lights bore through the smoke. An open entrance at the bottom of the hall lets in a blast of burning Washington sunlight. The hand movie cameras of restless photographers chatter like cicadas in a hayfield. Secretary Marshall marches down the slanting center aisle, perches on a desk, and 140 tense newsmen begin scribbling as he reads his comment on the Smith-Molotov exchange. The shadow of klieg lights on his face seems to give him a double set of glasses. He doesn't seem angry or irritated. The tricky Russians have breached diplomatic etiquette by publishing a distorted version of the confidential US memorandum. "It may have helped the cause of peace," Marshall observes without rancor. "I'm not saying it has not."

Speaking editorially, we are inclined to be hopeful. Neither the USA nor the USSR dares risk the charges at home that it is weakening in its belligerence by initiating peace talks. But preliminary soundings seem to have occurred. Maybe they started last January in that mysterious meeting in Berlin when an unnamed Soviet official talked with Robert Murphy, our chief political adviser there.

Indeed, we have reason for thinking there is more here than meets the eye. We are persuaded that the Smith memo to Molotov was not the first step; it was a reply, not a question. True, the rival statements of position are superficially irreconcilable. But initial positions always present maximum demands.

We think the following represents the State Department view, for good or ill: No sudden, dramatic truce in the Great Duel is possible. A public Truman-Stalin meeting now would be worse than useless. But there is no reason for not studying matters. The USSR faces growing economic problems. If the USSR isn't serious in what seems like a tentative first step—then that's that; the USA has no idea of appeasement.

There are significant signs, however, that Russia is reëxamining her position. Is she seeking a breathing spell? "Well then," says Marshall, in his statement here last week, "show what you will do in Austria, Berlin, Korea; do you mean business?" The matter may stop here. But—it may go on. The public may know nothing about it. It

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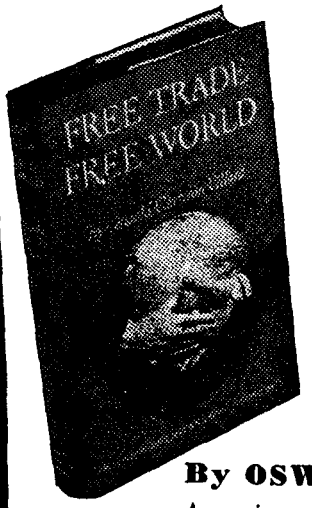

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Christ. *God, Man or Myth?*

Did Christ Himself write down any record of His life? If so, where are these writings today? Do they exist in any museum or library or sacred shrine? Can you find a trace of them in the vast and mysterious subterranean archives of the Vatican in Rome? The answer is NO! Nowhere has any man been able to discover a single word that Jesus wrote!

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would have known nothing about the first stage but for the Russians. As for this column, we can't help feeling cheerful that the affair has got even so far.

We watched Truman in front of seven potted palms address the Young Democrats last week. Some of the Young Democrats had beards to the chest. Most of them wore formal attire, but Our Harry had on his New Look. We thought it became him.

For Truman it was a topnotch speech. He has abandoned prepared texts. He had a few notes inconspicuously in front of him, but rarely consulted them. He had done his home work well too, and had apparently almost memorized his address. This gave him the inestimable advantage of being able to look directly at his audience. He spoke with a sort of nervous confidence, a sincere and earnest little man. This style—the most effective Truman has developed—will be used on his forthcoming trip.

The party began with synthetic gusto but ended with what we thought was real enthusiasm. At his best Truman creates in a crowd a feeling of possessive and protective sympathy. His speech was an attack on GOP mistakes, and heaven knows there is plenty to say. We found ourself unexpectedly cheering one line, that the GOP had cut Bureau of Labor Statistics appropriations because "they got tired at watching prices go up."

"Not satisfied with taking off the economic brakes," he cried, "they tore the speedometer right out of the automobile!"

Purcell Smith, highest-paid lobbyist in Washington, deserves every cent of his $65,000. Smith has just knocked on the head an item of $4 million as down payment for a big TVA steam-generating plant. All hydraulic establishments need steam to "even out" seasonal production, but Smith and the House GOP majority said "No" to this one. The Democrats voted 134 to 5 for the plant; the Republicans killed it by a vote of 187 to 16.

Washington T.R.B.

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THE WEEK

SALUTE TO ISRAEL

The Jews made good their promise last week and fulfilled the promises of their prophets. Israel was born again. It returned to the family of nations as a sovereign state on the date specified, triumphing over Caesars and Führers, over Moslem fanaticism and cynical power politics.

In New York and thousands of other communities far from the homeland it was hailed with the songs, prayers, cheers and joyful tears of its own people and the fervent good wishes of all who count it a victory for democracy and the principle of world peace through law.

In Tel-Aviv, capital of the new state of Israel, the establishment of the new nation was greeted with bombing from the air. Conceived and born in struggle, Israel had also to fight from the moment of her birth and the fighting grew more intense by the hour.

Israel was proclaimed officially by her provisional government at 4:06 p.m. Friday in the Museum of Art on Tel-Aviv's Rothschild Boulevard. The proclamation was read by Premier David Ben-Gurion. The 37 members of the State Council held their first meeting later and elected Dr. Chaim Weizmann, Zionist leader, President of the Council of State, amounting to Provisional President of Israel.

At midnight Friday the British withdrew. For 25 years they had held Palestine under a mandate that had never satisfied anyone and had been characterized by almost ceaseless struggle, bitterness and violence. Their surrender of authority was symbolized by their withdrawal of the cruiser *Euryalus,* bearing away High Commissioner Sir Alan Gordon Cunningham.

Less than half an hour after the British departure, the United States granted Israel its official recognition.

At dawn the bombing began, and along the roads and through the strategic passes the warriors of Islam began to move forward in what appeared to be full-scale warfare against Israel. Their slogan was "Be ready to die for Allah."

The small army of Israel said it was ready on all fronts. Numbering about 65,000, it faces at this point almost twice that many troops from the five Arab states in arms against it.

What remains to be seen now is whether it must fight alone or whether the United Nations, which gave the new state cause to hope by declaring officially last November that Palestine should be partitioned into Arab and Jewish states, will come forward and enforce its decision. The responsibility rests with the UN Security Council. So far it is being borne by the soldiers and civilians of the new Israel.

There was not much in the recent history of the Jews to inspire them with hope of any real help from the world. It may be that they can take some comfort from these words, written by a deeply troubled leader of a new and embattled nation to his wife, late one evening 172 years ago. John Adams wrote:

> The second day of July will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. . . . It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forever forward. You will think me transported with enthusiasm but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and bloodshed and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom I can see rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transactions, even though we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

THEIR OWN MEDICINE

A one-man filibuster—this time *for* civil rights—has stopped a bill proposing congressional sanction for segregated education in Southern schools. Senator Wayne Morse (R, Ore.) threatened his colleagues with a showdown fight on civil liberties if they refused to recommit a resolution which would authorize regional schools under the Southern state laws of segregation.

Already signed by 15 Dixie Governors, the regional school plan was presented for congressional approval in the form of a compact. With little debate, the House passed it 236-45.

When the bill, signed by 29 Southern Senators, reached the Senate, Morse offered a counter amendment to prohibit segregation of students on a basis of race, creed or color in the schools.

Turning the filibuster weapon against those who most frequently use it for feudal purpose, Morse talked for three days, throwing back at Southerners their own favorite arguments that anti-lynching, anti-poll-tax and other such measures are unconstitutional and infringe states' rights. A compact among 15 states could be extended to 35 or 48, he reasoned, and there would no longer be state control of education. If the Senate insisted on passing the bill, Morse said he would attach all the proposals in President

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Truman's civil-rights program as separate amendments. This was too much for the Senators. They voted, 38 to 37, to recommit the bill.

THE BIG HANDOUT

The most whopping handout of public property to private interests since Congress gave 44 million acres to the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1864 has just about been engineered by the oil lobby, now free to give its undivided attention after successfully torpedoing US Palestine policy. Immediately at stake is 26,000 square miles of oil-rich "tidelands" between low-water mark and the three-mile limit, most of it off California and Texas. The 262,000 square miles of continental shelf, supposed to contain more oil than the US and the Near East combined, will come later.

The states acted for years as if they controlled the tidelands and had issued drilling licenses to oil firms. It was a lucrative business conducted to the entire satisfaction of the oil companies. But there always remained the question of its legality, and the oilmen could not get their titles insured. Then the New Deal, sparked by Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, who thought the tidelands should be a national resource, brought suit to establish federal control. Last October the Supreme Court upheld the government.

This made the oilmen very unhappy, for they had spent a great deal of money making sure of harmonious relations with the sovereign states of Texas and California. In fact, things were sewed up so much to the satisfaction of both sides that state officials of California and Texas have been leaders in the fight for state control of the tidelands—on the basis of states' rights, of course.

Oil and the oilmen are kept in the background. But they are so well entrenched in the Texas and California administrations that William W. Clary, Assistant Attorney General of California, is one of the chief spokesmen for oil. The Attorney General of California, Fred M. Howser, recently

A BREAK FOR

NEW HOPE—or deeper despair—can come from the now famous Smith-Molotov talk in Moscow. If no further move is made toward negotiation of American-Russian grievances, then American diplomacy will have been pathetically inept. But if the way opens, no matter how awkwardly, toward trying again to settle the issues dividing the two biggest powers, then Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith has planted a new milestone on the path to peace.

For months sentiment had grown in the State Department's strategic-planning section under George F. Kennan for a strong statement to Russia of America's resolution on foreign policy. Heartened by the Communist defeat in Italy, passage of ERP and progress toward a Western European alliance, departmental strategists decided the time was ripe in May. Ambassador Smith was instructed to make such a statement before departing on a fishing holiday in Normandy. If he waited till afterward, a poor holiday catch might dampen his cockiness. And a cocky approach was just what the State Department wanted.

Like a good soldier, General Smith followed instructions to the letter. He told Molotov the American people were unified behind their foreign policy, how they intended to press on with the Economic Coöperation Administration, and that the Russians themselves were to blame for the tension in US-USSR relations.

Only at the end, did he get around to peace. US policy, he insisted, is not directed against Russia aggressively. And, almost casually, he finished by saying that the door was always open to negotiations.

Molotov replied in equally cocky terms, yielding no ground, denying aggressive intentions, accusing the US of moves that build up tension. When the conversation, which easily might have been buried in diplomatic files as a purely routine affair, was ended, Bedell Smith wrote down his version of what he had said and sent it to Molotov. Molotov did the same for Smith. Then the ambassador departed for a French trout stream.

While he was on his way the Russians pulled a fast one.

Without advance warning Radio Moscow on Tuesday night suddenly started broadcasting details of the talks, which till that moment had been so top secret that few people in the State Department knew they had occurred. And nobody in London or Paris knew.

The wildest diplomatic scurrying in many months resulted. From Secretary Marshall down, the State Department was thunderstruck that the Russians, without permission, had made public material considered confidential by diplomatic usage.

In the British and French Foreign Offices the reaction was real anger. But at the US, not Russia. Bevin and Bidault wanted to know why they had not been consulted before such an important move. Quickly Bevin got on the phone to Marshall. Ambassador Caffery had to call on Bidault, not once but twice, to try to persuade him nothing definite had been intended by Bedell Smith. And Smith himself, when he arrived in Paris, had to give similar assurances of innocence.

Those ungentlemanly Russians had behaved miserably. And what could their motives be?

Propaganda, perhaps. But why this way? The Russians must be aware that things are going pretty well for the US in Western Europe. Of course, they would prefer that Western Union never reached the stage of definite military alliance, a possibility that looks increasingly probable. Now might be the best time to try to stop it.

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PEACE?

By making it appear that the US had offered to negotiate and Russia had accepted, the Kremlin would look better to the eyes of Western Europeans, who, more than anybody else in the world, fear another war. If the US then refused to follow through, would not the US seem to be acting in bad faith?

Moreover, in domestic American politics, to which Bedell Smith himself had alluded, the Truman Administration would look like sorry strategists.

Another powerful motive is Russia's need for peace to build her own industrial machine and to repair the dreadful damage of the last war.

Any one of these diverse possibilities was enough to explain the Russian gambit.

In making public the Smith-Molotov talk Moscow did manage to put itself in a reasonable light. By saying yes to an unintended invitation, Russia put the next move up to the US.

More unexpectedly, the Russians succeeded, by accident, in bringing US foreign policy into sharper definition. Hastily both President Truman and Secretary Marshall told press conferences that they had not intended Bedell Smith's statement to be taken as a bid for a Russian-American conference. Both reiterated it with the emphasis of sincerity. In off-the-record statements and in private briefings for favored newspapermen, the State Department was even more explicit. Those briefing sessions themselves showed up the State Department's consternation and aims.

The first panicky one was called after midnight, when Radio Moscow started tattling. The press officer, Lincoln White, could not give much guidance because it was all news to him, too. Next day more coherent help was given correspondents by Chip Bohlen, the department's counselor, and other high officers. One index of the department's intention of keeping Smith's talk secret was the fact that not one word had been leaked to James Reston or Arthur Krock of the New York *Times*, the brothers Alsop, John Hightower of the Associated Press or any others of the department's fair-haired boys.

The only kind of conference Marshall would consider now is one on specific trouble points such as Korea, Vienna or Berlin. And even that type would not be considered unless advance work gave definite promise that agreement could be reached. A conference on broad issues is the last thing the State Department wants at this time.

Secretary Marshall's heart is set at present on guiding Western Europe into military union, which, with the assistance of Senator Vandenberg, might get congressional blessing and eventually military lend-lease aid.

When such a Grand Alliance has become a reality and when the Hoffman-Harriman ECA organization has started functioning, then and only then Marshall might sit down with the Russians. But even in those circumstances it would be on a strictly take-it-or-leave-it basis.

Angered by Russian revelation of the Smith-Molotov talk, Marshall is in no mood to deal directly with the Russians now. But Russian forthrightness, no matter how questionable in motive, has put the State Department on the spot. Or perhaps it is the response of the world itself which has created a predicament.

In every nation the quick, joyous hope for peace revealed how universal is the desire to halt the drift toward war, how deep is the world's need of direct peace negotiations. No matter how blundering or accidental their approach, the two biggest powers suddenly had to face the fact that all people everywhere have a touching need for reassurance.

It was as though two giants scuffling to knock chips off each other's shoulders had clasped hands accidentally. Millions hoped they would not let go.

Two Worlds

Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith and Foreign Minister Molotov sketched contrasting US and Soviet interpretations of the causes of major differences dividing the world. According to the notes of their talk:

AMERICANS	RUSSIANS
1. Blame Communist pressure on neighbors for necessitating US measures to save democracy throughout the world.	1. Deny aggression; accuse US of interfering in the domestic affairs of European nations.
2. Deny aggressive intentions; recall wartime lend-lease to USSR.	2. Accuse US of sponsoring anti-Soviet Western military alliance, also of building world network of bases.
3. Pledge to keep door open for discussion and settlement.	3. Promise peace and welcome negotiations at any time.
4. Accuse Soviets of trying to sabotage European recovery.	4. Object to ERP because it is not under UN management.
5. Declare present policy has majority support that neither elections nor depression would change.	5. Imply policy is intended to "save" capitalism.
6. Declare the US wants the USSR to make economic recovery.	6. Charge US with violating Soviet-American trade agreements.

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got from the state legislature an appropriation for $43,000, more than half of which will be used for protection of the state's interest in the offshore oil. Texas Attorney General Price Daniel lends heavy support himself and also assists the efforts of Walter R. Johnson, attorney general of Nebraska, who is leading the oil fight. He gets $1,500 a month from the oilmen, and is free for this lucrative work because Nebraska allows the attorney general to take private practice.

The net result of this expensive effort was the passage by the House on April 30, by a vote of 257 to 29, of a bill to reverse the Supreme Court decision and give the tidelands back to the states. The bill was sponsored by E. Wallace Chadwick (R, Pa.), a Joe Pew (Sun Oil) man. In the Senate the oil case is in the eager hands of Ed Moore (R, Okla.), himself a millionaire oil operator. Moore got his bill referred to the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which he is a member. He headed a subcommittee which reported the bill favorably, and it now appears that he will be able to induce the full committee to report it out.

An administration bill designed to implement the Supreme Court decision and set up a system of federal regulation in the interest of the public and the national defense has been languishing in the Senate Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. Despite the support of the Department of the Interior, and the usually irresistible Defense Chiefs, it shows no signs of life whatever.

LAST CHANCE FOR HOUSES

The one respectable housing measure that has a chance of getting through Congress—the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill—is now being talked to death in committee.

Despite the fact that a joint congressional committee spent more than $100,000 to investigate housing needs throughout the country this session, the House Banking and Currency Committee has reopened hearings on the Senate-approved T-E-W bill. The schedule stretches through May. At past committee sessions the members heard as many as 30 witnesses a day; now they are hearing only one or two a day.

Any hope for passage of the housing measure rests in the hands of a few Representatives who are attempting to bypass the committee and bring the bill to the House floor via a discharge petition, before Congress adjourns. Led by Jacob K. Javits (R, N. Y.), they already have obtained 130 signatures. The names of only 88 more Representatives would assure construction of 15 million homes during the next 10 years.

POWER-LOBBY SPLIT

Private-power backers in the House recently took another sock at the TVA. But debate showed unexpected Western support for the Authority's desire for expanded facilities. And a growing split between Eastern and Western spokesmen for private power on the issue of government expansion may yet work out to the benefit of the TVA.

The point of the debate was the TVA's request for $4 million to start building a new steam-generating plant at New Johnsonville, Tennessee. Representative Albert Gore (D, Tenn.) warned against power shortages at Oak Ridge. Witnesses at closed subcommittee hearings had pointed out that during the last two years commercial customers alone had increased power purchases by more than 500 million kilowatt hours. But in the end the power-lobby men had their way and the TVA request was voted down—157 to 120.

Nevertheless, Gore got unexpected support from Leroy Johnson (R, Calif.), who crossed the party line in favor of continuing TVA expansion. He spoke primarily for West Coast private-power interests which have become so alarmed by increasingly serious power shortages in their area that they have begun to shift their stand.

Confirming this change is a report in the Wall Street *Journal* that West Coast companies, for years tooth-and-nail opponents of public power, are now attacking the government for "piddling along with token appropriations" instead of making a full-scale attack on shortages by expanding government-owned plants.

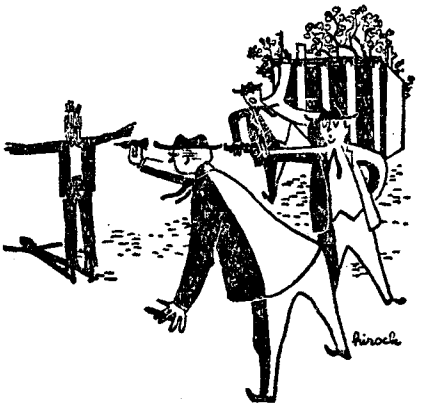
REBEL YELL PETERS OUT

JACKSON, MISS. (NR correspondent)

The "Southern Revolt" has been put on ice temporarily. The 2,500 Southern Democrats who met here to organize their fight to the finish against Harry Truman and all his works adopted a resolution calling a rump convention at Birmingham, Alabama, for July 17—if the National Democratic Convention at Philadelphia the same week puts "civil-rights planks into the platform or if every candidate fails to repudiate the points of the civil-rights program."

The early-morning session opened with the singing of "Are You from Dixie?" and closed with a number written by a South Carolinian—"Let's Send Harry Back to the Farm!" There were no Confederate flags in the hall, but a large "States' Rights" banner, with Thomas Jefferson's picture in the center, hung above the stage. Orators of the old school declaimed that "this day will henceforth take its place among the cherished memories in the long, glorious, courageous history of the South. . . ."

These "States' Rights Democrats" control only small segments of the official delegations which will go to the convention, or only a few of the presidential electors from their home states.



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TEST FOR THE STEELWORKERS

by Michael Straight

JUNE 17 is Phil Murray Day. Twelve years ago the United Steelworkers of America was founded; today its 926,000 members form the tightest, toughest union in the CIO. For every delegate to its fourth constitutional convention in Boston, Murray is still the founder, father counselor and cherished friend. When tempers rise, his gavel's tap hushes the hall.

Though the Steelworkers have never been stronger, not one delegate doubts that there will be a bitter struggle to keep collective bargaining alive during the next four years. The Taft-Hartley Act, interpreted by a hostile Congress, interpreted by hostile courts and enforced by a hostile government, is the greatest threat the union has ever faced. Non-compliance with the Act can mean rapid disintegration of the union; compliance can mean slow death. The rank-and-file pressure on the union to sign the anti-Communist affidavits is strong.

For the Steelworkers—a CIO union which is able to comply with the Act's anti-Communist-affidavit requirements, but which, on Murray's insistence, has refused—the Act is all-important. Violence and struggle form no part of the union's tactics. Yet armed with the Act, and backed by huge reserves, the corporations are forcing a test of strength. US Steel, which sets the pattern for the industry, has taken advantage of Murray's no-strike pledge, and refused to grant wage increases despite net profits of $127 million earned last year. Certain corporations are violating existing contracts. All the basic steel corporations declare they won't negotiate new contracts with unions that don't comply with the Taft-Hartley Act. Between now and May, 1949, contracts covering two-thirds of the Steelworkers' membership will expire. Use of the injunction against the Miners and the Railroad Brotherhoods has convinced the Steelworkers that a national strike won't be permitted in a basic industry.

The report of the Resolutions Committee referred the decision on compliance to the union's Executive Board. Justifying his stand, Murray recalled his old fight as a mineworker to end government by injunction through passage of the Norris-LaGuardia Act. He spoke of the readiness of the AFL to use the Act to make inroads on the CIO. He analyzed the desperate condition of non-complying unions whose plants are stolen by other unions and for whom disintegration is an immediate threat.

DRAWING BY SHAHN
PHILIP MURRAY

The survival of Murray's own union is at stake. Yet Murray is a man of principle, and his deepest principle is refusal to compromise with evil. He scorns the "bellyachers" and "blatherskites" who denounce the Act as a slave-labor law, yet live without protest under it as willing slaves. He has found at last, in the refusal of the Inland Steel Company to renegotiate, a case to test the constitutionality of the Act. He is determined to fight it out and he knows that compliance now will weaken his case.

While Murray refuses, on principle, to swear to his opposition to communism, his hatred of the Communist Party has mounted to a passion. He sees it as the force that has opened the way to four years of reactionary government at a time of supreme testing for labor. To him it is the force that has brought the CIO to its intolerable position.

The Steelworkers share Murray's feelings, hating the Communists as an alien group which has given them a bad name. When a Communist delegate, Nick Migas, from Indiana Harbor, attacked Murray on the convention floor, Murray let him speak, but the delegates ran him out and beat him up in the Boston streets.

Murray and the Steelworkers also feel anger and bitterness for the New Party. They have no love for Truman and little regard for the Democratic Party. They admire Wallace and never attack him. They attack the New Party on the congressional level.

"When the Third Party runs against Ray Madden in Indiana it runs against me," shouted Joe Germano, director of District 28. "When they attack Helen Gahagan they attack us," cried John Despo, a California delegate. "When they beat Paul Douglas we feel as if they're taking the bread and butter from our mouths," Bertram MacNamara, an Illinois organizer, said.

Impatient of divisions within the CIO, the Steelworkers have organized their own CIO-PAC. Their action, Dave MacDonald, secretary-treasurer, told the convention, will elect 34 Representatives this year. Yet Curley Barr, a delegate from St. Louis, admitted, "Right now, there isn't a plant represented here that has more than one-third of its workers registered to vote!"

The CIO-PAC is being organized in the precincts, but no pattern of nation-wide action is emerging. The program is lacking. The action is opportunist. The basic job of education is still to be done. Some younger directors like Bill Hart in District 19 are building political machines. Others prefer to play along with the local politicians of the party in power.

"A progressive party? Well—some day," they say. "Maybe not in my lifetime, maybe not in yours. We don't understand politics. We're not even good trade unionists yet. Politics is concerned with patronage. We're con-

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cerned with seeing that our workers aren't clubbed on the picket lines. Back in 1937 we all got clubbed. So we elected nine sheriffs and now there's no more clubbing. That's about it right now."

Is it enough?

"I wish," said Murray, "that the countless thousands of dollars wantonly wasted by the Third Party could be put into a great effort of CIO-PAC to gather together the workers. What's wrong with that program?" Murray cried out with all his strength.

In a low voice he answered his own question: "Nothing: nothing at all."

LABOR: Back to the Wall

PEACE IN TAFT'S TIME

THE Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, which was removed by the Taft-Hartley Act from the Department of Labor after 34 years of successful operation and steady improvement, is now so snowed under with work that it has become virtually helpless to further industrial peace.

The Act requires that if either party to a labor-management agreement wishes to alter or terminate it, 60 days' notice must be given the other party. If no agreement is reached within 30 days, the mediation service must be notified. These notices have been going up at such a rate that the service's 230 conciliators are swamped.

As predicted by many labor men, the Taft-Hartley Act has rendered the National Labor Relations Board and the FMCS almost inoperative by swamping them with paper work, petty detail and meaningless cases.

The theory behind the removal of the FMCS from the Labor Department was that an independent agency would be more acceptable to management. The change, however, has not had the desired effect. Management is showing greater reluctance to accept FMCS intervention than last year. Management feels its oats and wants to fight it out with labor.

Certainly Cyrus S. Ching, the new FMCS chief, has done nothing to alienate management. He is a 72-year-old naturalized citizen from Prince Edward Island who has been an official of US Rubber (duPont) since 1919 and is a leading member of the National Association of Manufacturers.

When Ching took over the FMCS he said he was going to concentrate on preventive work. Figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics tell the story: Workers involved in strikes in the first quarter of 1947 (second wage round), 276,000; this year, 645,000. Man-days lost, 1947, 3,670,000; this year, 7,730,000. As the major contracts run out during the late spring and summer, it is a sure bet that the figures will prove conclusively the impotence of the FMCS under the Taft-Hartley form of labor peace.

SHOWDOWN AT CHRYSLER

DETROIT (NR correspondent)

THE auto workers were prepared for a long battle when they struck Chrysler in the first showdown battle in the automobile industry since the General Motors strike of 1945-46. Seventy-five thousand members of the UAW-CIO walked out of 14 plants in Michigan, Indiana and California after the collapse of negotiations that began on February 27 over union demands for a raise of 30 cents an hour plus other benefits equaling at least five cents an hour.

While talks on wages and new contracts have been in progress at General Motors Corporation since March 12 and at the Briggs Manufacturing Company since early April, no developments have yet come out of them.

The Chrysler negotiations deadlocked after the company on April 16 offered a six-cent-an-hour increase, which the union rejected. Intercession of federal government and Michigan labor conciliators kept the negotiations going until their final collapse the night of May 11.

The UAW's executive board announced that the four top officers will contribute $30 a week to a wage-strike fund, executive board members $20 a week, and international union representatives $10 to $15 a week depending on their salary scale.

The board also requested the approximately 850 local UAW unions to assess their members $2 for June and $4 for July, the receipts to go into the special wage-strike fund. It hopes to raise about $5.5 million.

THE INJUNCTION AGAIN

THE ISSUES of public-utility strikes and government by injunction once again were raised when President Truman averted a walkout by 175,000 members of three railroad unions which would have shut down the nation's rail network.

Eighteen other unions had settled with the railroads for minor working-rule changes and 15.5-cent hourly wage increases. The three holdout unions—switchmen, engineers and firemen—offered to take the 15.5 cents plus broader rules changes meaning more money. The carriers refused.

Republican congressmen promptly began discussing permanent legislation to provide for compulsory mediation and fact finding but not seizure and injunctions. Senator William F. Knowland (R, Calif.) wanted to bring rail workers under the "national emergency" procedures of the Taft-Hartley Act. Senator Joseph H. Ball (R, Minn.) preferred to broaden the Railway Labor Act.

Temperate students have suggested two possible solutions:

1. Recognition of the right of rail workers to preferred status in wages and working conditions in return for voluntary abandonment of the right to strike and acceptance of binding arbitration procedure.

2. Direct government ownership of the rails so that if workers' wages are to be regulated by coercive power, equivalent protection from private profit-seeking management is given.

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HENRY WALLACE'S COLUMN

The Tyrant's Doctrine

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from my first 1948 swing through the Middle West and now I am preparing to leave on a three-week tour of seven states in the West Coast and Rocky Mountain areas.

As I traveled through the industrial centers and farm lands of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri, the prime theme of all my speeches was peace.

As long as we have a war economy, I told my audiences, it is impossible to broaden social security, establish a real housing program or develop a medical-aid plan which the people in all sections of our nation need and deserve.

When we stopped at Topeka, Kansas, I began to talk about the Mundt bill. Unfortunately, the fight against this bill is primarily a negative fight. We are struggling to stop something vicious rather than move ahead toward new horizons.

But I am firmly convinced that unless all progressives work toward the defeat of this bill during the next few weeks, America runs the danger of losing freedom of speech.

In Topeka, I told my audience of 600, who braved a sudden downpour to jam a small auditorium near an athletic field, that if and when the House Un-American Activities Committee obtains passage of the legislation it is now proposing, we shall move up the street still farther toward fascism.

While the proposed unconstitutional legislation cannot be considered the final step to fascism, it may provide the means for that final step before a test case ever reaches the Supreme Court of the United States.

Ostensibly—and for propaganda purposes—the bill is directed against the American Communists. But its purpose goes far beyond the stupid, dangerous and undemocratic objective of silencing the few thousand members of the Communist Party.

The bill encompasses all those who fight for progressive legislation, whether they are Communists, non-Communists or anti-Communists.

The definition of "Communist" which will be used in administering the act will come, as does the legislation, from the House Un-American Activities Committee.

That committee has judged as "Communist" almost every positive, constructive proposal to the Left of the Republican Party platform.

The fight against Jim Crow; the fight against the poll tax and lynching; the fight for public housing, health and education programs have all been judged as Communist or Communist-inspired by the authors of this legislation.

The Mundt bill establishes the tyrant's doctrine of guilt by association. If the Communists are against Jim Crow and you are against Jim Crow, you can either give up fighting Jim Crow or be judged as part of a Communist conspiracy.

And like the House committee hearings, the purpose of the bill is less to gag a few individuals than it is to frighten millions of Americans into silent acceptance of the policies of the self-proclaimed protectors of "Western civilization."

Under the new bill it is conceivable that the advocates of a Jewish state in Palestine might be judged international conspirators, because the State Department has abandoned the United Nations decision for partition and the Russians still support it.

Under the reasoning of the bill, any position which might coincide with that of the Communists or the Russians is evidence of "subverting the interests of the United States to that of a foreign Communist power."

Representative Nixon of California, in discussing this bill, said that Henry Wallace was a "fellow traveler" and an "unconscious follower of the party line." Representative Nixon meant that I advocate peace with Russia and that I, along with millions of others, am, therefore, a fellow traveler of the Communists.

If Representative Nixon or others think they can frighten me with their threats of imprisonment for fighting for peace, justice and the preservation of American democracy, they are utter idiots.

And if they think that invoking their unconstitutional, undemocratic legislation against the New Party or members of the New Party will stop the fight for peace, they have grossly underestimated the strength of the resistance to the bipartisans' utterly criminal foreign policy.

They haven't underestimated our numbers. On the contrary, the bill is a reflection of their desperate efforts to choke democracy because they fear our numbers. But they have underestimated the courage and the devotion to democracy of their fellow Americans, members of the New Party as well as opponents of the New Party, who will fight every attempt to choke off free expression in the United States.

The test of every Representative's devotion to democratic principles will be his open, forthright opposition to the Mundt bill.

I think the Mundt bill must be fought all the way. It must be defeated. The people of America must tell their congressmen in plain, simple words, and by large, impressive demonstrations, that they won't go for any such law.

Henry A Wallace

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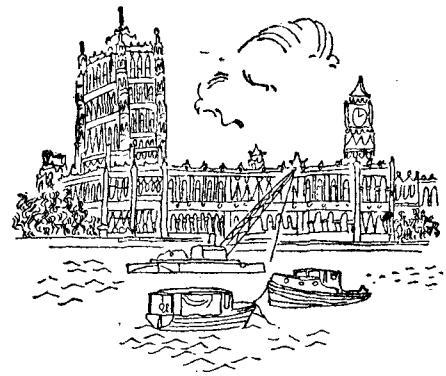
BRITISH BEER IS BITTER

American help is welcome to hungry Britons, but pride makes them swallow it with wry faces

by Thomas Whiteside



LONDON

IN LONDON TUBE STATIONS nowadays, the automatic weighing machines, which like weighing machines everywhere are subject to wild inaccuracies of judgment, bear a large red sign reading: "Has Your Weight Changed Since Rationing?" It's not the unsubtlety of this message that is so striking, but rather the fact that many of these signs must be eight years old, and still good as new.

Londoners just haven't had a full meal in their bellies since 1940, and frankly admit that they have little prospect of it for years to come. How energetic can you get from 20 cents' worth of meat a week? I bought three weeks' rations of bacon, cheese, eggs and fats ahead of time, stacked them on a soup dish, and looked at them. There wasn't the slightest danger of anything falling off the plate.

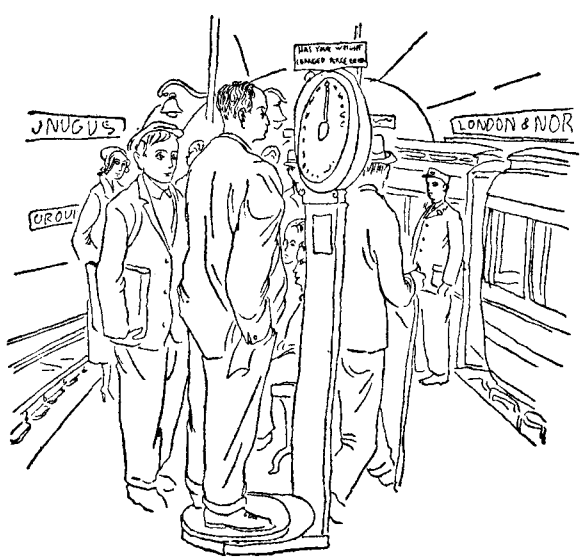
The English aren't starving by any means, but they barely "make do." They are well aware that without Marshall Plan aid they would have had to take drastic cuts in food rations and, as Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, told cotton workers in Manchester recently, probably would have seen one or two million of their number thrown out of work.

Yet few Britons are bothering themselves over long-range considerations, an attitude which becomes understandable after watching the interminable lines everywhere. During potato rationing (it expired May 1), a London housewife might spend most of the morning in shopping queues and finally emerge with only three or four inferior specimens.

Grocers charge fancy prices for rarities like mushrooms, which sell at $5 a pound; if you want a single, minute strawberry, the cost is 25 cents. Fresh English peas are $1.45 a pound. The new tobacco taxes provided in Sir Stafford Cripps's dolorous budget bring the cost of a pack of cigarettes to about 70 cents. (In the House of Commons I observed several Labor members taking pinches of snuff, which is unrationed.)

The only Londoners who derive any pleasure from the new budget are London's Spivs, Drones and Eels, the gainfully unemployed whose appearance has been stereotyped by the British press in terms of well-greased hair, snap-brim hats, fantastically padded shoulders, zoot-suit pants and, of course, the black-market cigarette dangling from the corner of the mouth. Unofficial Spiv prices for black-market goods now range from 75 cents for clothing coupons to $20 a bottle for whisky, and nylons at $10 a pair.

The Spivs have their own argot. In his language, a Spiv might spend his morning after getting out of *kip* (bed) and having his cup of *rosey* (tea), by *scarpering* (going) to town and seeing his *Nanny-goat* (wholesale dealer), thence to have a *bevvy* (beer) at the *boozer* (pub) where he met two of the *'ounds* (boys) who put him *wide* (wise) to a place where he could *mace a bit of gear* (get some goods), so after *pokering* (going) to the *finger* (the man in question) he got the *hopscotch* (load of stock) for a *roaf* (four pounds).



DRAWINGS BY EUGENE KARLIN

Although the Spivs have been vastly overpublicized both here and abroad, many of them indulge in a little gray-marketing, such as a full meal at £2 ($8) a sitting. Officially, restaurant meals are pegged at a five-shilling maximum, but the fancier establishments easily beat the rap by outrageous "house charges." (By ordering a dinner without wine, for example, one may get the usual spoonful of hash and tepid spaghetti, but if one asks for ordinary wine—at $6 a bottle—a sizable meal is miraculously conjured up.)

A very respectable bank manager in London told me quite freely that since the war he turned to the black market as a matter of course. "I have to keep up appearances," he said, "and I simply could not get along without it." The problem of keeping up appearances seems to be one that really worries the middle classes. Even in terms of physical neatness, the middle classes find it very difficult to maintain an air of respectability. On a clothing ration which requires an entire three

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months' allocation to buy a pair of ordinary bed sheets, clergymen go without robes, department-store floorwalkers wear frock coats with patches, and I saw a bandy-legged bishop whose gaiters were practically hanging in shreds.

White-collar workers, whose salaries are frozen virtually at prewar levels, watch with envy and great uneasiness the increased spending power of working people. "The workingman is walking around like a king," said one white-collar man. "He has everything. We have nothing. It doesn't seem at all right that someone who has had to have a proper education for a skilled job should be paid far less than a common laborer."

On the other hand, most workers (11.9 million of them, earning less than £10 a week, voted for the Labor Government in the last elections) feel that only now are they beginning to get their proper share of the nation's wealth, and that their increased wages don't even begin to make up for the miseries of the dole in the thirties. The worry of the middle classes as to the social elevation of the workingman has a sort of counterpart in the bitterness of the workers at the class distinctions which they say are still prevalent in Great Britain.

It's hard to pin anyone down to specifics, but a very large proportion of working people I have talked to insist that class distinctions are "worse than ever," and that they are still treated as menials by the middle classes. What's left of the genuine aristocracy, when it's not seeking food and cheap living in the safe and sunny West Indies sterling area, still maintains an air of lofty, if uneasy, paternalism in its dealings with the lower echelons.

But the pride which rebels against any notion that Britons are recipients of mere charity from America cuts through all classes. "Watch your talk; when people are listening to you they seem almost waiting to jump down your throat at the first mention of American aid," a friend from the States warned me when I arrived here.

The very receipt of food parcels from the US, which are opened by Britons with unimaginable excitement, causes really pitiful struggles of pride. I haven't met anyone here receiving food parcels who hasn't said in effect: "If only we could pay for it—or do *something* in return! It just doesn't seem right this way."

What Britons seem to feel most badly about in parcel distribution is the sensation of standing in line at the town hall for an anonymous box, for which they can't even thank some particular person. On this side, one gets a much more accurate impression of the individual contributions of Americans to Europe. I met in London recently an American-born woman, married to an Englishman, who had just returned from the United States, where she had taken her baby for medical treatment and the right kind of diet.

While in the Middle West, this lady was asked by American friends to speak as an ordinary British housewife before Parent-Teacher Association meetings. By the time she returned to England, her listeners had contributed voluntarily nearly $15,000 worth of food parcels. What's happened to isolationism?

Paradoxically enough, it is here in Britain that a certain brand of isolationism is beginning to show itself. It stems from a growing feeling that Britain, in the critical state of her domestic economy, just can't afford to involve herself too deeply in international affairs. The anti-Communist hysteria of America scarcely exists here, and even the Tory press gibed unmercifully at the Labor Government's decision to institute a mild purge of known Communists from security jobs in Whitehall. Britons are much too intent on pursuing those pitifully scarce fruits and vegetables to think much about chasing the Russians.

Time after time I have heard to the same effect the comment made to me by a Liverpool teacher of accounting. "Yes," he said, "there'll be a war, just as sure as the clock says three o'clock on the wall of this very pub, the Dog and Duck. But this time"—pointing his finger at me with dignified deliberation—"it'll be *your* war. Maybe we'll be sucked into it. But maybe we'll just sit here and make all the munitions, come out of it with lots of money, and then tell you what to do afterwards."

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REPORT FROM THE WATERFRONT

SAN FRANCISCO

FROM NINE A.M. to noon and from one to four p.m., a few minutes before every hour, Whitey Lakewood, merchant seaman, puts aside the book he is reading and walks downstairs to the main floor of the Marine Cooks' and Stewards' union hall. There he joins several hundred other seafarers "on the beach," or unemployed and waiting for a ship. They watch little Wally Ho, Chinese American dispatcher, post incoming jobs on a giant blackboard.

If Whitey's experience fits any of the jobs, he throws his card in Wally Ho's window and waits to hear over the loudspeaker system the names of those who have qualified. If Whitey is chosen, he'll go down to the pier of the steamship company and sign up; if not, he'll pick up his card and go back to his book. But the fact is that Whitey has run through a dozen books since his last trip, and the way shipping is now he may get through several more before he sets foot on a deck again.

It's a common saying along the Embarcadero—the pier road—that the depression has already come to the shipping industry. Things are bad here but, judging by news in the *Pilot,* the National Maritime Union newspaper, Whitey knows they are equally bad in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, San Pedro and other ports. He reads in the *Voice,* organ of the Marine Cooks and Stewards, that despite a temporary rise in a few ports, "the general level continues to decline."

Anthony Piestra is a merchant seaman serving on a ship bound for the Orient.

by Anthony Piestra

Ship transferrals are one big cause of the trouble. More than 1,700 vessels have switched to foreign flags in recent years, throwing many US seafarers out of work. As a result the membership of the Marine Cooks and Stewards has fallen from its wartime level of 19,000 to 7,000. Frank J. Taylor, president of the American Merchant Marine Institute, told part of the story when he said that of 31 new or reconverted ships in the North Atlantic only two were operated by US companies. Before the war there were 127 US passenger ships, he said, but now the number is 63 and their capacity is less than one-third what it was in 1939.

Many vessels are being taken out of service; although press notices from the big shipping companies boast about new ships entering passenger service, scant mention is made of the ships towed to the graveyard. Yet for each new ship at least one old but still good one is decommissioned. For example, when the *Lurline,* a luxury liner, left here for the Hawaii run in April, the *Matsonia* went out of service.

The maritime unions bitterly oppose that part of ERP which would transfer US ships to Marshall Plan countries for the transportation of relief cargoes. This, in turn, has led to a controversy within the unions. A group led by Joseph Curran opposes the Marshall Plan only because of the transfer of ships, but Harry Bridges, leader of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (CIO), calls ERP "a cold, logical application of the militarist Truman Doctrine." Curran and his followers believe in opposing the ship transfers by sending messages of protest to congressmen and by seeking the support of civic officials and businessmen. They decry "mass marches" and picket lines such as have been staged recently in Washington, New York and San Francisco.

On the other hand, Howard McKenzie, vice-president of the NMU and one of the leaders of the delegation to Washington, takes the opposite stand. "What is needed," he wrote in the union newspaper, "is bigger and better picket lines in Washington by all the unions. I think the rank and file in all ports should consider the question of keeping a perpetual picket line in Washington . . . if the national office continues to block any financial aid to this question [of ship transfers] which affects 25,000 jobs."

But Whitey Lakewood has other worries besides ship transfers and unemployment. On June 15 union contracts with the shipping companies expire, and the owners have already publicly stated that they will neither grant present union demands nor continue contract provisions now in effect. They have powerful weapons: the Taft-Hartley Act, a reactionary Congress, the Un-American Activities Committee and the FBI. And dissension among the NMU leadership helps them.

Meanwhile, how does Whitey, with a wife and child in town, get by? On the money he saved from his last voyage and the unemployment insurance he has begun to collect. He and his family live frugally, spend very little for amusements, and walk to save carfare. And he waits for a ship and for June 15.

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American Movers and Shakers: No. 5 Her pleading convinced Lincoln, and no heckler ever bested the ungainly ex-slave who spoke out against Negro bondage in a rough, booming voice. History remembers her as

SOJOURNER TRUTH: Friend of Freedom

by Walter White

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, the famous ex-slave, never forgot the night he gave his most pessimistic speech, in Boston's Faneuil Hall. A packed house heard him lash the evils of slavery, then conclude hopelessly that the white people of America would never put an end to the Negro's bondage. There was only one answer, he asserted gloomily, and that was an armed revolt by the slaves themselves, which could only result in wholesale slaughter.

Suddenly, at the rear of the speakers' platform, a gaunt, shabbily dressed black woman arose, her six feet of height almost dwarfing Douglass. In her enormously deep voice, which blared like a Boston Harbor foghorn, she roared at the speaker: "Frederick, is God dead?"

The startled Douglass, usually quick to retort to hecklers, was momentarily silenced; the equally surprised audience was the first to recover, and an avalanche of applause swept away the despair which had enveloped the hall. Sojourner Truth had saved the day.

Although virtually ignored by history, this black woman left an indelible imprint on her America despite a series of tremendous handicaps. Born as the slave Isabella, she never learned to read or write during a lifetime of at least 86 years (some authorities believe she lived to the age of 106). Ridiculed for her awkward, homely appearance, she was sold five times as a slave, and until the day of her death, November 26, 1883, she had to contend with severe poverty and persecution. But she had a rebellious spirit that surmounted all obstacles. It was this insurgency which finally brought her freedom and led her to adopt the name Sojourner Truth —because of her self-appointed role as a traveler, or sojourner, to tell the truth about the degradation of slavery.

Even when, as a 10-year-old child, she was beaten by her owner, John Nealy, with such severity that she bore the scars the rest of her life, she became more rebellious instead of less so. Although she was small and sickly, the 200-pound Nealy thought it wise to tie little Isabella's hands before beating her.

In times like this her refuge was a queer mixture of stubborn revolt against the cruelty of slavery and a deep religiosity, inherited from her mother, which bordered on mysticism. These were the driving—and sometimes conflicting—inner forces which drove this remarkable woman throughout her life.

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The misfortunes of slavery, poverty, contumely and cruelty she believed to be the penalty for not having been as good a Christian as she should have been. But at the same time the burdens she bore progressively deepened her yearning to devote her life to helping to abolish slavery.

When the third of her owners, John Dumont, sold Isabella's five-year-old son (who, there is reason to believe, was one of five children fathered by Dumont), Isabella determined to regain the boy—the last of her brood, since the other four children had already been sold. Barefoot and penniless she walked the long miles from New Paltz to Kingston, New York, to plead so persistently and movingly with the grand jury that it ordered the child returned.

The embittered mother called upon her God to punish the Gedney family who had sold her child and laughed at her protests. When Fowler Gedney murdered his wife, and his mother-in-law went insane, the devout slave was both convinced of her power with her God and terrified at the terrible vengeance she felt she had brought upon her persecutors. "That's too much, God," she prayed, "I did not mean quite so much!"

Shortly afterwards Isabella obtained her freedom under a New York State law passed in 1817, under which the last of the state's

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Now Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Walter White was also a Guggenheim Fellow and a member of the Writers' War Board. His fifth book, scheduled for publication this fall, is an autobiography entitled, A Man Called White.

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slaves were to be given their freedom by 1827.

She moved to New York City and found employment with a well-to-do merchant, Elijah Pierson, and his wife. Perhaps as an inevitable result of her deep faith and the episode of the Gedney family, she became a devoted follower of a religious mountebank. This was a shrewd, bearded fellow named Robert Matthews, who had renamed himself Mathias and claimed to be a direct descendant of Matthew of the New Testament.

He was not long in getting Isabella and the Piersons under his sway and soon had wangled a large sum of money from the Piersons and an even greater amount from their friend John Mills. He then blossomed out in flashy robes lined with pink silk and festooned with twelve elegant tassels emblematic of the twelve tribes of Israel and ordered his followers to turn over all their worldly goods to him for the establishment of Zion Hill, in which, subject to obedience to his will, they could find food and shelter.

Mathias decreed that he and he alone should decide whether his followers were spiritually "matched souls." If they were not, he ordered married couples to separate. He took advantage of his edict to "unmatch" one pair of his followers and assume the conjugal privileges of the displaced husband with his comely wife. The faithful and hardworking Isabella, possibly because of her color, was the only member of the "Kingdom" who was not mated or remated by Mathias.

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SOJOURNER TRUTH VISITS LINCOLN

Disaster for the "Kingdom" and disillusion for Isabella came when relatives charged that Elijah Pierson had been poisoned after turning over all his wealth to Mathias. Others charged that Isabella, on orders from Mathias, had attempted to poison them too; the evidence must have been rather flimsy, however, because she was never indicted. With Isabella's help—she employed his counsel—Mathias was acquitted. Later she filed suit for slander and collected $125.

Mathias disappeared, leaving the aging Isabella disillusioned and jobless but determined to reëstablish her good name and devote the balance of her life to serving a God who was not carnal and to fighting the slavery and brutality which were the lot even of free Negroes. The ways of city life where "the rich rob the poor and the poor rob one another" frightened and depressed her. She quit her job as servant and set out "about my Father's business" of arousing the country against the physical bondage of slavery of Negroes, the political enslavement of women and the curse of strong drink. It was at this point she adopted the name of Sojourner Truth, which she asserted came to her as a vision from God as she walked one day in Brooklyn.

She strode into churches and other public meetings asking to be heard. Despite her ragged, unprepossessing appearance, there was something about her flashing eyes, the resonant voice that rumbled incongruously out of a woman's body, and her obvious sincerity, which more often than not gained her permission to speak. Although wholly illiterate, her amazingly imaginative and poetic speech had an electric effect.

In 1851 a women's-suffrage convention was assembled in Akron, Ohio, which Sojourner Truth attended. Everything seemed to go wrong with the meeting. A number of ministers had invaded the hall uninvited and monopolized the discussion, quoting Biblical texts to the effect that women should eschew all activities except those of child-bearing, homemaking and subservience to their husbands. Alice Felt Tyler in *Freedom's Ferment* tells how Sojourner Truth delivered the baffled women from their adversaries. She had sat for several hours on the pulpit steps listening patiently to the masculine filibuster. Suddenly she boomed out of the hushed audience:

> Wal', children, where there is so much racket there must be somethin' out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the Negroes of the South and the women in the North, all talkin' 'bout rights, the white men will be in a pretty fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talkin' 'bout?
>
> That man over there say that women needs to be helped into carriages and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud puddles, or gives me any best place! And ain't I a woman?
>
> I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well. And ain't I a woman? I have borne five children and seem 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman? Then that little man in black over there, he say women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman. Where did your Christ come from? *Where did your Christ come from?* From God and a woman! Man had nothin' to do with Him!"

The disruptive clergymen were silenced.

On another occasion she quieted a crowd of hoodlums at a meeting in Northampton, Massachusetts, by singing, telling stories of slavery, and preaching until she had changed the mood of the mob and exacted a promise to leave. From meal to meal she did not know where she would eat or where she would sleep, but such hardships never made her doubt her mission.

Her chief and almost sole source

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of income was the sale of inexpensive photographs of herself, which she offered with the remark, "I sells the shadow to support the substance." Sometimes she was invited to stay at the homes of wealthy listeners; as likely as not she slept the next night in a barn. Once her color barred her from finding shelter in any place except the city jail. This she refused and walked out into the country to find a hayloft.

Indiana in the 1850's was more pro-slavery than otherwise, having enacted a law forbidding the entry of Negroes into the state. But man-made laws held no terrors for Sojourner Truth.

She ignored warnings and threats against going into Indiana and managed to obtain permission to speak at a United Brethren meeting. Most of the overflow audience was made up of a mob led by a local physician. As she started to speak, the doctor shouted that she was an impostor, that in reality she was a man, as her deep baritone voice indicated. He demanded that she bare her breasts to a committee of women to prove her sex. Before she could answer, he demanded a vote on the question of whether she was male or female. By an overwhelming majority the jeering audience voted that Sojourner Truth was a man.

Angered, Sojourner Truth ripped open her dress, shouting above the tumult: "My breasts have suckled many a white baby when they should have been sucklin' my own. Some of those white babies is now grown men, and even though they have suckled my Negro breasts, they are far more manly than any of you. I show my breasts to the whole congregation. It ain't my shame but yours that I should do this. Here, then, see for yourselves!"

She found her fame growing and preceding her wherever she went. "I never knew a person who possessed so much of that subtle, controlling power called presence as Sojourner Truth," Harriet Beecher Stowe said of her. Wendell Phillips, himself a great orator, declared that in all his experience he had never known a person so able to electrify and move an audience with a few words as she.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

A SLAVE-COFFLE PASSING THE CAPITOL

It was undoubtedly true that she benefited from the fact that many if not most of her hearers had never heard a Negro speak before, and came to hear her because of the novelty of the experience. But there is much proof that she moved even the curious, and that her speeches measurably advanced the causes of abolition, women's rights and temperance.

When the Civil War was imminent, she made her way to Washington, where she was granted an appointment with President Lincoln. The two gaunt Americans found much in common in each other's background of privation, and sat together for a long while as Sojourner Truth, abandoning her nonviolence creed, pleaded with Lincoln to enlist Northern free men of color to help fight the war. Time and time again she returned to the White House to renew her plea. Her arguments, combined with the manpower needs of the Union Army, eventually won over Lincoln and Congress. Sojourner Truth decided to remain in Washington. Here she worked night and day nursing wounded soldiers and finding food and shelter for the homeless, half-naked, hungry emancipated slaves who poured into the Capital.

The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation and the end of the war brought her happiness, but put no stop to her journeying. She had by now become an almost legendary figure. Where once she had had to beg to be heard, she now was increasingly deluged with invitations to speak to state legislatures, conventions, churches, women's-rights and temperance meetings. Hallie Quinn Brown, who knew Sojourner Truth during the latter years of her life, described her in *Homespun Heroines and Other Women of Distinction:*

> Presidents, Senators, judges, authors, lecturers—all were proud to grasp her hand and bid her godspeed on her noble mission. . . . In her exhortations for the cause of justice for her downtrodden race, she rose to the greatest

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heights of oratory. Her African dialect, quaint speeches and genial ways won for her an ever willing and interested audience. Her witty sayings would have made a volume in themselves, had they been preserved. Her keen wit and repartee were strong weapons in debate or argument.

But her popularity began to wane when she conceived and began to advocate a plan to settle Negroes on homestead land in the West. Already the North was turning its attention away from the distasteful days of the war toward the building of huge corporations and individual fortunes, some of them founded upon the exploitation of the apparently boundless resources of the West. The recently freed slaves showed little enthusiasm for her plan, and this puzzled and angered her.

Although her strength was failing, she refused to be deterred from her goal; she could not understand that this last dream of hers was impractical and even dangerous. She who had always fought to move her people into the main stream of life, now proposed to have them take themselves out of that main stream into a segregated and remote bayou. When despite her utmost efforts the colonization scheme in the West failed to materialize, she retired to the modest little home in Battle Creek, Michigan, which she had purchased with the aid of friends and from the sale of her photographs and of her autobiography.

Even in retirement, Sojourner never lost her fire, or her conviction that she had her own unique destiny. A last glimpse of this unquenchable spirit is provided by Hallie Quinn Brown's description of Sojourner reminiscing over a long and turbulent life. A little girl who sat fascinated by the recital of apparently limitless history asked, "Sojourner, did you see Adam and Eve?"

The aged woman smiled as she shook her head. Then after a pause, the old spark blazed again as she looked at death: "I ain't goin' to die, honey. I'm goin' home like a shootin' star!"

THESE MOVIES RING TRUE

Able direction has made the documentary film both entertaining and instructive; millions prefer it to Hollywood

by Ezra Goodman & Joseph Lyford

CUMOCK WAS A CHUBBY, not-so-sweet-smelling little Eskimo who used to paddle a kayak alongside his father when the two of them went fishing in Canada's Hopewell Sound. The boy had a round, dark, unremarkable face that broke into quick smiles when a stranger approached. That was 25 years ago; Cumock has his own family now. But to millions of Americans he will always be a youngster wrapped up in sealskins.

They know Cumock as the juvenile star of a unique movie called "Nanook of the North"—unique because it has been a continuous hit since 1922 and because Hollywood had nothing to do with its production. "Nanook" is one of the scores of top-flight documentary or "fact" films which are becoming increasingly popular with a large sector of American moviegoers.

Perhaps the chief reason for the growing appeal of documentaries like "Nanook" is that they deal excitingly with real people and places, whereas Hollywood remains preoccupied with love-and-kisses, gang-busters, shiny automobiles and sweater girls. Each year more than 25 million people throughout the US attend movies that cover such varied subjects as soil conservation, how to take care of new-born babies, and the latest Fiji Island dance steps. And if the public demand continues to grow at the present rate, the makers of documentaries may soon be producing more celluloid footage than Hollywood. Already they are supplying films to 100,000 16-millimeter sound projectors in this country.

The best way to define a documentary is to describe briefly how one is made. Suppose a director wants to make a film about camel drivers in Aden, Arabia. Instead of putting up fake sets and hiring a collection of expensive Gregory Pecks, Betty Grables, Mickey Rooneys and what not, the director buys a ticket to Aden and uses the local inhabitants as his cast of characters. He learns their habits and how they work and play; then his photographers "shoot" them, unrehearsed, as they go about their business. The finished product is a dramatized record of actual life.

Such production methods cost money. This is where the sponsor comes in. Although few documentaries clear a profit at the box office, they are an excellent investment. Businessmen, educators, scientists, politicians all realize that the documentary has an unlimited sales potential—it can put over a plan, correct a misunderstanding, or sell an automobile.

Capitalizing on this potentiality are big corporations like the Ford Motor Company, US Steel and General Motors, which use documentaries for sales training and promotion, and as a key medium in a gigantic public-relations campaign. The best of these movies are artistically done, and free of advertising except for an initial credit title. Examples are Ford's "Men of Gloucester" (about the fishing folk of that Massachusetts town) and a regional film of the Southwest called "Pueblo Boy."

Labor unions have also been quick

Ezra Goodman, a free-lance writer specializing on the movie industry, has contributed to Harper's, Collier's and other periodicals.

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to catch on. The United Electrical Workers (CIO) sponsors such films as "Deadline for Action," a dramatic record of labor's economic and legislative struggles, showing the underlying issues involved and the techniques employed. The documentary also makes an excellent stump speaker: the New Party is already circulating two films, "Wallace Speaks" and "Time to Act," as part of its campaign.

The government began using documentaries extensively many years ago as a means of educating the taxpayer on the ways his money is being spent, and why. The biggest single producer of such films is the Department of Agriculture; the Interior Department's Bureau of Mines also does limited work in the field. A guide obtainable through the Motion Picture Division of the Library of Congress lists such classics as Pare Lorentz's "The River" (on the TVA) and Joris Ivens' "Power and the Land" (on rural electrification).

The Administration has also moved into the field of the political documentary. The Departments of State and Defense, as part of their stop-Russia policy, are now producing films that boost the "American way of life" for circulation in countries where the Communist challenge is most formidable.

The documentary's value as a government propaganda weapon can be illustrated by the 1943 British film "Desert Victory," which narrated the battle of the British in Africa against the army of General Erwin Rommel. The film was made expressly to rehabilitate the prestige of the British soldier, which, following disastrous defeats in Tunis and Algeria, was at an all-time low. One high Allied military man said afterward that the job was worth ten new battleships.

Medical men recognized the value of the documentary when it was still in its infancy. The famous French surgeon, Doyen, once told colleagues that they could learn more about the correct use of a certain instrument from the film records of his operations than by reading all his books. Today medical students can analyze complicated surgical work from the vantage point of the surgeon himself, by studying films made by the use of mirrors angled to the point of incision.

The teaching possibilities of the documentary have not been lost on American educators, and schools are among its biggest users. A half-hour diagrammatic film often illustrates a point better than two or three hours of involved lecturing.

Richard Griffith, of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, says a good index to the effectiveness of a documentary film is its "suppression rating." He cites the case of Lorentz's "The Plow That Broke the Plains," released in 1936. Irate Oklahoma bankers organized a high-pressure lobby that succeeded in getting the film banned. Why? Because its stark treatment of the Oklahoma dust bowl was depressing real-estate values throughout the state!

A prime example of movie dynamite is the old Russian film "Potemkin," a vivid recreation of the 1905 mutiny aboard the Czarist battleship of that name. Conservative censors feared the film would make everyone want to rush out and tear down the post office; the result was that "Potemkin" was banned by almost every country of the world for many years. (Today, however, a print can be obtained from such an eminently respectable institution as the Film Library of the Museum of Modern Art, New York City.)

When Hitler became Chancellor of Germany, his propaganda chief, Joseph Goebbels, recognized in "Potemkin" a perfect model of how to inflame popular emotion. He arranged private showings for German producers, and suggested that they take notes on technique. The producers dutifully complied, and soon were releasing stirring "incentive" movies on Horst Wessel, the Hitler Youth, etc.

Hitler's greatest cinematic success was "Triumph of the Will," a filming, under the direction of Leni Riefenstahl, of the Nuremberg Nazi Party Congress in 1934. It took 75 cameramen to

film this extravaganza, which portrayed Hitler as a combination of Roman proconsul, Siegfried and Jehovah. Its effect was unprecedented; from then on the National Socialist movement assumed the halo of a divine crusade.

Some American directors refer to "Triumph of the Will" as the most significant event in film history since the advent of sound. It was the precursor of such fearsome documentaries as "Baptism of Fire" (the Warsaw bombings) and "War in the West," which Hitler used to demoralize audiences in countries he planned to invade. French, Belgian, Norwegian and Dutch diplomats attest to his success.

The documentary received its big boost in the US during the war when the government produced hundreds of "fact films" for training and propaganda purposes. Soldiers and sailors spent thousands of hours in training-camp theaters studying "nuts and bolts" movies on how to avoid disease, keep alive in the jungle and "ditch" a plane after a forced landing at sea. The government also produced "morale" films for general consumption. One of the best was "Fighting Lady," the battle history of the aircraft carrier *Enterprise*. Then there were "incentive" films like "How Good Is a Gun?" and "The Price of Rendova," which were shown at defense plants to impress upon workers their responsibility to the men at the front.

But the government that grinds an axe while it is grinding a camera must be careful its films don't boomerang. Hitler slipped up on this score. He once tried to convince the French that Americans were degenerate by distributing a US "newsreel" consisting solely of floods, murders, race riots, fires, night clubs, jazz bands, jitterbugs, etc. But the French loved the

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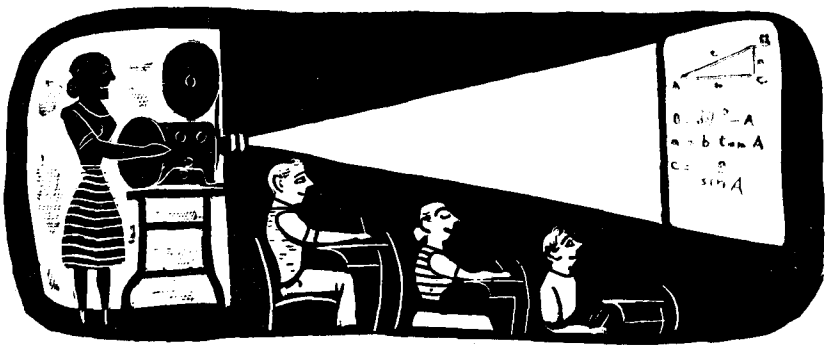

DRAWINGS BY NEUWIRTH

picture. They packed the theaters, and "le jazz hot" became a favorite topic of conversation.

Unlike propagandist Hitler, America's documentary film-makers are trying to create understanding and good will among the peoples of the earth. Dean of the directors is portly, white-haired Robert Flaherty, who back in the 1920's decided he could combine the life of an explorer with that of a movie maker. It was he who produced "Nanook of the North," also "Moana" (about life on a Polynesian island) and "Man of Aran," superb pieces of artistry and realism that are just as popular today as when they were first produced. Another director of high stature is Basil Wright, creator of "Song of Ceylon," showing the economic exploitation of the Ceylonese.

In contrast to the romantic quality of these directors is the work of top-flight men like Paul Rotha and Arthur Elton. They are noted for the "think film," dealing with scientific or educational subjects. Then there is Pare Lorentz, described by a colleague as a director who hears, rather than sees, a film. This musical quality is a dominant one in both his "The Plow That Broke the Plains" and "The River." Louis de Rochemont is another able producer, whose "Voice of the Whirlwind" style is reminiscent of the days when he directed "March of Time."

Documentary producers talk enthusiastically about their work; but when someone brings up the subject of distribution, there is a general falling of faces. The sad fact is that so far they have no over-all system for getting their product to the public. Each producer has his own individual outlets, which means that a prospective customer may have to do considerable scratching around before he can locate a specific film.

To start with, the prospective exhibitor should refer to H. W. Wilson's "The Educational Film Guide" and Educational Screen's "One Thousand and One." These movie Baedekers contain a fairly complete listing of documentaries, who sponsors them and where they may be found.

There are several ways to obtain a particular film. The customer may approach its sponsor directly—for instance, if the picture is produced by the Department of Agriculture, it is distributed by the department's own regional film libraries. Or if someone wants Flaherty's "The Louisiana Story," he can get it from its backer, the Standard Oil Company. Industries, labor unions and political groups usually distribute their own movies. A major source of 16-millimeter films is the extension divisions of state universities.

Leading independent distributors are Brandon Films, Inc., and J. Arthur Rank's United World Films, Ltd. One of the most extensive non-profit film libraries and distributing centers is the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

Once the exhibitor gets ready to show his picture he will soon discover another drawback to the documentary field: the need for cheaper projection equipment. Present 16-millimeter sound projectors range in cost from $225 to $630, so he usually winds up renting one from a local dealer. The cost of complete projection service, including film, screen, projector and operator, will run from $25 to $50—a considerable outlay for a single evening.

The "theaters" where most of the 16-millimeter, or "non-theatrical," documentaries (the 35-millimeter product can be seen in regular movie houses) are shown don't stack up so well with Radio City Music Hall. Usually projections take place in a schoolroom, a private home, a clubhouse, a church, or some civic building, and the audience sits on folding chairs. But the absence of rococo and Louis XIV upholstery doesn't seem to matter. Once people have seen a good documentary, they keep coming back for more.

Directors like Flaherty and Rotha are far from satisfied with the present state of things in the documentary field, but they figure they're 'way ahead of Hollywood. "We ought to be," Flaherty says. "After all, we don't have to worry about exorbitant costs and the inevitable box-office factor. We can shoot for an adult, intelligent audience, whereas the stratum Hollywood has to hit is the teen-age girl. And is there anything nearer to absolute imbecility than a 17-year-old female?"

To reach this "imbecile stratum" Hollywood will botch any subject, even one as crucial as the atomic bomb. Flaherty cites as illustration "The Beginning or the End?" in which sex overcomes all, even science.

The A-bomb takes up quite a bit of Flaherty's thinking time right now. "I wish the government had had the sense to do a complete documentary on the atomic bomb, including thorough filming of the Los Alamos explosion," he declares. "Then they could have shown it in every schoolroom in the world. A film like that would have done something." He paused and rubbed his face. "We never seem to learn."

Flaherty has a motto that reflects the attitude of many of his associates in the documentary field. "All men are brothers," he says, and he is in the movie business to prove it. Hollywood doesn't know exactly what to think of talk like that. It sounds subversive.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT

by Robert S. Lynd

ONE MAY READ the extraordinary story of Sidney and Beatrice Webb from a number of points of view: as social history; as the portrayal of a theory of liberal social change and of the techniques for making progress happen; and as the candid revelation of one of the most idiosyncratic designs for living as husband and wife of which we have an intimate record. Whichever approach one elects, this account (*Our Partnership*, by Beatrice Webb; Longmans, Green, $5) of the first nineteen years of their married work—perhaps a more precise term than "married life"—beckons one steadily on, with narrative passages in endless fascinating leapfrog over long chunks from the diary.

As social history, the volume makes no attempt to single out and develop systematically the main movements of these years between the 1880's and the eve of the First World War. The larger world of events is glimpsed, so to speak, only over the shoulder, through the window, by these two busy people as they investigate local government and the Poor Law, establish and nurse to maturity the London School of Economics and change the educational system of London. But the whole world of serious intellect and relevant usable influence in England flows through their work-shop home, with its Spartan meals and utilitarian sitting room "designed to accommodate the largest number of guests standing or sitting."

The names tumble over one another: G. B. S. ("an excellent friend, at least to men. . . . The completeness of his self-conceit will save him from the worst kind of deterioration—he is proof against flattery. Where it will injure him is in isolating him from serious intercourse with intimate friends working in other departments of life"); Bertrand Russell ("pathetic in his subtle absoluteness. . . . Compromise, mitigation, mixed motive . . . all seem unknown to him"); H. G. Wells ("a 'speculator' in ideas . . . a romancer spoiled by romancing—but . . . useful to gradgrinds like ourselves in supplying us with loose generalizations which we can use as instruments of research"); Graham Wallas ("Without convictions he would have lounged through life —with convictions he grinds"); Sir John Simon ("an individual Liberal of the Morley type, without Morley's idealism"); Alfred Cripps, father of Sir Stafford ("after a brilliant professional career, is entering political life with all the self-assurance and ambition of the man who has never failed"); Tom Mann (whose "lightheaded change of front on all questions human and divine" cut down his usefulness); Lord Rosebery ("Has neither the equality of public-school Englishmen nor the courteous and punctilious formality of the well-trained *grand seigneur*, which is the best substitute for it"); and so on through the figures of the period.

DRAWING BY LOU SELIGSON

As makers of social history, "the Webbs" built themselves step by step into the most formidable personal machine of their time. Beatrice, blessed with the incredible security of the well-born to whom it never even occurs to approach any human being in insecurity, found her role easy. For Sidney (" 'I am not a big man,' he says plaintively to me" in his moments of fatigue) the course was made straight by Beatrice's social skills and by his own narrowing of focus to the next thing to to done. When Henry Sidgwick lamented that "the world can wait for political science," Sidney replied:

> "No it cannot, for, meanwhile, lives are wrecked, and men and women and little children grow mean or suffer pain without redemption. To lessen, by one iota, physical pain or mean motive is a sufficient good to me." And he goes on his way rejoicing in his love for me, and my love for him, untroubled with the meaning of the universe, and slightly bored by those who are or think themselves so to be.

Less than six years after their marriage, Beatrice writes confidently in 1898:

> We, therefore, close this portion of our life with considerable complacency. . . . Our book has been extraordinarily well received; our party has recovered a good working major-

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ity on the LCC [London County Council]; the London School of Economics is growing silently though surely into a center of collectivist-tempered research, and establishing itself as *the* English school of economics and political science. We can now feel assured that with the School as a teaching body, the Fabian Society as a propagandist organization, the LCC Progressives as an object lesson in electoral success, our books as the only elaborate and original work in economic fact and theory, no young man or woman who is anxious to study or to work in public affairs can fail to come under our influence.

The Webbs' lives were divided into their research ("the mere industry of induction," as Beatrice calls it at one point) and into the tactics of making their reforms happen. The pages of the diary are crowded with the tactician's comfortable post-mortems of "a useful little dinner last night." "There is always method in our social adventures." We see Beatrice preparing the situation during "a little dinner" by telling the Prime Minister "that the grand distinction between him and the Liberal leaders was that his attitude towards proposals of social reform could be expressed by 'Why not?' and theirs by a grudging 'Why?' "; and then Sidney, flanked by carefully selected colleagues, after the ladies had withdrawn, selling the P. M. a case for the Webbs' latest cause.

The strategy was reform of the going system from above through an elite of selfless experts bent upon "introducing into politics the professional expert." And the tactic was "permeation," to get "inside the clique" holding power and to persuade them of the intellectual soundness of one reform after another.

Toward the end of the diary, as the campaign for Poor Law reform approaches its climax, she says, "If the National Conference turns out a success, I believe we shall have practically converted England to the obligation of preventing destitution." Then the campaign ran into the "heroic demagogy" of Lloyd George behind his "rotten" counter-bill. Gradualism was encountering vested power. Near the close of the diary, on the eve of the Webbs' trip to the Far East, Beatrice writes: "It is clear to me that the Fabian Society has to get a new impetus, or gradually dwindle to a mere name. I am not sure that the time may not have arrived for a genuine Socialist Party with a completely worked-out philosophy, and a very detailed program."

In the closing pages of narrative, written in retrospect shortly before her death in 1943, and after the Webbs' endorsement of the Soviet Union as "a new civilization," Beatrice reviews the futility of their expectations in 1911 that a capitalist society would vote away the conditions of mass unemployment. "Where we went hopelessly wrong was in ignoring Karl Marx's forecast of the eventual breakdown of the capitalist system as the one and only way of maximizing the wealth of nations." The Webbs' strategy was to change, and subsequent studies of *The Decay of Capitalist Civilization* and *A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain* were to be mileposts in this conversion to the view that capitalist power can never be converted, but only defeated. One recalls here the moving introduction to their *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* in which they explain why two people in their eighth decade of life turned to the study of the USSR.

Space does not permit the analysis I should like to devote to their magnificently special kind of marriage. One may smile at Beatrice's recurring reference to her husband as "the Other One," but this is the unstudied tribute by one complete person to the other complete person to whom she happened to be married. "I am inclined to think," she writes, "that the exercise of intellect—*perhaps suffused with love* [italics mine]—is the highest happiness of which we poor mortals are capable."

The volume opens with ten pages of candid appraisal of Sidney's weaknesses and strengths, written in 1926. Children, other than brain children, there were none, and one suspects that sex was very incidental or largely lacking. Sidney was efficiently preoccupied, and Beatrice was ever ambivalent over being a female, wrestling with "the old Eve in me" when a trip abroad forced her to purchase some women's finery, and "listening dreamily to Audrey's gentle chatter in the drawing room" when she was forced for social reasons to remove herself from the room where "the three men sat for two hours discussing policy." Such limitations as they had as persons were for the most part mutual, resulting from a common choice of focus:

> . . . foreign affairs, generally speaking, were a closed book to us. And alas! owing to our concentration on research, municipal administration and Fabian propaganda, we had neither the time nor the energy, nor yet the means, to listen to music and the drama, to brood over classic literature, ancient and modern, to visit picture galleries, or to view with an informed intelligence the wonders of architecture. Such dim inklings as we had of these great human achievements reached us second-hand through our friendship with Bernard Shaw. Our only vision of the beautiful arose during our holiday wanderings, at home and overseas, sometimes walking, sometimes cycling, by river and forest path, over plain and mountain, in mist, cloud and sunshine.

Throughout forty-nine years of married life ran a rare mutuality, affection and deep respect. In the closing pages of the diary, she says: "To a great extent Sidney and I are at peace with our ideal—in all the larger determinations of our life we do conform to our perception of what is best for the community, and we have the extraordinary joy of complete agreement as to this purpose."

THE YOUNG LAGUARDIA

THE MAKING OF AN INSURGENT, by Fiorello H. LaGuardia (J. B. Lippincott Company; $2.75).

FOR ALL HIS IRASCIBILITY, temperament and occasional rash judgment, Fiorello LaGuardia was one of the most attractive figures in recent American political life, and one of the finest and most progressive public servants. A great deal of the quality that made him a courageous liberal fighter has gone into *The Making of an Insurgent,* the completed portion

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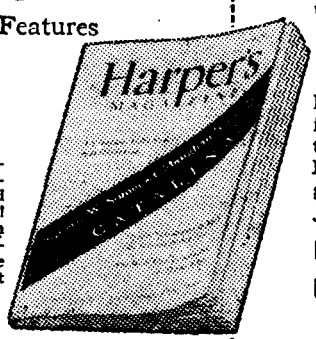

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of the autobiography on which he was working at the time of his death. It is the account of the formative years of his life, from his birth in 1882 to his return to Congress in 1919, after wartime service as a flyer. It is both an insight into the making of a distinguished public figure and a sign of promise for the book on LaGuardia's later career, now being prepared by M. R. Werner, who helped on the present volume and has written an appreciative introduction.

As the son of an Italian immigrant who had become a band leader in the US Army, LaGuardia spent his boyhood on Army posts in the West. In childhood he learned contempt for politicians and gamblers, hatred for oppression, and sympathy for labor and the foreign-born. "Many of the things on which I have such strong feelings —feelings which some of my opponents have regarded as unreasonable obsessions—were first impressed on my mind during those early days, and the knowledge I acquired then never left me."

In the case of the politicians, his experience of the "loudly dressed, slick and sly" Indian agents, political appointees who preyed upon the Indians they were supposed to protect, and of the lobbyists who tried to extract money from his father, presumably to back a bill in Congress that would have raised the pay of Army band leaders and make them commissioned officers, filled him with youthful disgust. As he put it, "Though I have been in politics well over forty years, I loathe the professional politician. I have never been a regular. I have fought political machines and party politics at every opportunity." It was in those days, when he saw the politicians at work and recognized the vast gulf that existed between officers and enlisted men, including their families, that LaGuardia became once and for all an insurgent.

His sympathy for labor and the foreign-born began at about the same time. The treatment of the immigrants, chiefly Mexican and Italian, who had been brought in to work on the railroad being built in Arizona; the use of troops to break the great Pullman strike of 1894, started a hatred for the use of political power to defend class privilege that reached a climax in 1932 with the passage of the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act.

In Arizona, also, LaGuardia had his first glimpse of American racial prejudice. As he tells it, "I must have been about ten when a street organ-grinder with a monkey blew into town. He, and particularly the monkey, attracted a great deal of attention. I can still hear the cries of the kids: 'A dago with a monkey! Hey, Fiorello, you're a dago too. Where's your monkey?' It hurt."

When he was mayor of New York, and in the midst of a municipal career that made him the ablest and best head of government the city has ever had, LaGuardia found time to drive the organ grinders from the streets of New York. A gesture of petty tyranny that enabled his enemies to hold him up to considerable public scorn, it was born of a heedless act by ignorant children almost a half-century before. The hurdy-gurdy embargo was characteristic of the temperamental LaGuardia. As Werner says in his introduction, "He changed the name of Sixth Avenue to the Avenue of the Americas, and he asked children to peach on their fathers when they were betting on the horses; he lost his temper violently and seemed to some men ungrateful for the work they had done with or for him. But millions of people will always love him for his statement: 'When I make a mistake, it's a beaut,' and many more millions will realize more and more as the record of his great career unfolds, that he was creatively on their side in every important public issue, internationally, nationally and locally, for about forty years." It is an entirely merited tribute.

LaGuardia, as a boy, watching the lawless and vulgar frontier gamblers, acquired his hate for the "tinhorn" class that was to be the object of some of his most truculent scorn when he became mayor. From the crusading New York *World's* attacks on civic corruption in New York, he developed a hatred for Tammany Hall that endured throughout his life and made him become a Republican—a political party he agreed with practically never, save in its opposition to Tammany.

While still a minor, LaGuardia worked for several years in the American consular service in Budapest and Trieste. In the old Hapsburg policy of Divide and Rule, he saw the encouragement of hatreds that set Serbians, Croatians, Dalmatians and the rest of the South Slavs at one another's throats. It was a lesson that made him sympathetic to the efforts of the new Yugoslavia to combine the different Slav nationalities into a peaceful federated state. LaGuardia steps out of the chronology of his autobiography to comment significantly on the US attitude toward the Balkans in the post-Second World War days:

> At times, our own Embassy in Belgrade has been guilty of the most unpardonable kind of intrigue and has engaged in the worst kind of propaganda. In recent times I have seen the evidence. Had it not been for the unfortunate viewpoint and reprehensible conduct of the men first sent there by our government at the end of World War II, the United States would have had tremendous influence in Yugoslavia. Our representatives not only created strained relations among factions and groups, but, what is more deplorable, they destroyed the unquestioning, almost childlike faith, love and affection which the people of Yugoslavia had, and want to have, for Americans.

After several years in the consular service, LaGuardia worked at Ellis Island, where he learned still more about the treatment of immigrants. As a young lawyer, beginning to dabble in politics, he observed the low state of the judiciary and the relationship between politicians and extremely dubious big-business practices. As a candidate for Congress and then as a young Representative, he documented this kind of knowledge. When the war began, he was sent to Italy, became a major and continued his education, this time learning how much more

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highly regarded are business profits than human lives. By this time he was a full-fledged progressive, but it is indicative of his maverick tendencies that he soon became an enthusiastic advocate of universal military training, and was more than ever its ardent supporter in 1947. By 1919, however, there was no doubt that Fiorello LaGuardia was destined to an important career in American liberalism. *The Making of an Insurgent* is the valuable story of his practical education. RICHARD WATTS JR.

CALCULATED ABANDON

THE JOURNALS OF ANDRE GIDE: Vol. II, 1914-1927. Translated and annotated by Justin O'Brien. (Alfred A. Knopf; $6).

THE PRESENT VOLUME of André Gide's *Journals* is the second of three scheduled for publication before 1950. Like the first, it is an unusually handsome and readable book. As before, the Glossary of Persons is invaluable; a little detective work here yields essential biographical information only hinted at in the text.

Volume Two covers the crucial period in Gide's career. It records his habits of work—the long gestation and then the rapid writing. It gives evidence, too, of the foresight and deliberate unity of his career. Although he thinks it better to reveal it gradually, he knows in 1914 "where I am heading."

The volume reminds us how slowly, and against what persistent opposition, Gide established his reputation. "I have scarcely known, throughout my 'career,' anything but flops." He was ignored or he was slandered. In the battle for recognition, "I have on my side neither the cafés, nor the drawing rooms, nor the boulevards." But he consoled himself with Stendhalian cunning: "I do not write for the coming generation, but for the following one."

Meanwhile, "I cling to my work table," but the volume contains accounts of the "first" War ("these throbbing hours overflowing with life"), of travels, of country life, and give evidence of more sociable habits than he ever admits. There are detailed conversations, and sketches of acquaintances. One such is particularly amusing and convincing. Cocteau, during the war, "is relinquishing nothing, but simply gives a martial twist to his usual liveliness . . . he imitates the bugle call and the whistling of the shrapnel."

But beyond the external facts, and what makes the *Journals* more than a brilliant "literary" memoir, is Gide's record of the inner personality, of his restlessness, scruples, prayers, resolutions. It might be argued, without any pejorative implication, whether Gide's is essentially a religious temperament or whether, as a self-conscious and scrupulous man, he has found in the traditions and doctrines of Christianity (particularly in reference to sin) an adequate and sympathetic psychology.

At any rate, the personal and temperamental implications of religion are what concern him; indeed, he uses the religious idiom and references as a kind of shorthand, like psychoanalytic jargon. For example, he speaks of "the most Protestant trait I have in me: my horror of comfort," and in the same place: "The secret of all my weaknesses is that frightful modesty of which I cannot cure myself." He writes: "I have no less trouble strengthening in myself now the idea of sin than I once had in weakening it," but it may be wondered whether the "idea of sin" is not interchangeable with "a disgust, a frightful hatred of myself."

In this examination of conscience (to adopt the idiom), the very form of his self-absorption fascinates him. "Why do I note all this?" is the refrain. And there is a hectic fever in his "habit of chatting with this notebook," of which he says elsewhere, "I cling desperately to this notebook." The therapeutic or disciplinary nature of his journalizing is more specifically suggested when he writes: "If my journal is published . . . I fear it will give a false idea of me," since he wrote it only "during those periods of depression when I needed it to catch hold of myself, in which I show myself as whining, whimpering, pitiable."

So much for his purpose. But the *Journals* exceeds the purpose and probably contains an accurate idea of Gide. It is full of the instinct for life and of "the gift for sympathy that throughout my life has been my torment and my open sore." And this second volume is even fuller than the first of the relish and curiosity of "my mind enamored of everything."

When he was almost fifty, he wrote: "Age cannot manage to empty either sensual pleasure of its attractiveness or the whole world of its charm. On the contrary, I was more disgusted at twenty, and I was less easily satisfied with life." His person, like his work, matured gradually, until he can predict of himself exuberantly, "I shall die by bursting."

There is one casual entry which expresses more than any other, I think, the purpose and implicit values of the life recorded in the *Journals* and the work to which it has been dedicated. The complex elements of Gide's personality are fused in this testament of calculated abandon: "Some people work over themselves to obtain the unity of their person. I let myself go." JOHN FARRELLY

HARGROVE AT HOME

SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE, by Marion Hargrove (William Sloane Associates; $3).

ALTHOUGH he understandably gets no closer to discovering the motivations of young mothers than he does to scaling Mount Everest, Marion Hargrove has written a funny tale of two veterans and their wives who get ensnared in the clutches of commercial radio and a gimlet-eyed sponsor. The trouble begins when Betsey Bartlet and Carolyn Dobbs, tired of bending over hot stoves and pink babies all day decide they will put on a radio program on how to raise children—thus carving out careers for themselves.

Hargrove has an easy touch; his dialogue, which comprises 99 percent

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of the book, is airy and usually convincing. But the novel's real sparkle lies in its anecdotes involving such things as the inquisitiveness of minuscule sons and what a young matron is liable to say when she feels the first faint stirrings of a career. It is apparent that since he put his khaki in mothballs, Hargrove has pondered the complexities of domestic life.

He has also delved into the field of phonetics. The book conscientiously reproduces such dissimilar languages as those of a two-year-old child and a decrepit Broadway song-plugger named Hepsey McIntyre. If little Joe Dobbs says "dahya" (daddy) or "bay un dusha" (baby on doorstep) to his father, the author supplies a serviceable translation. When McIntyre intones a ballad, the lyric is recorded:

Yuh sweetuh than the Suguh Loaf
At Rio dee Janerra
Yuh pritty as a muriel
By Dago Riviera.

The book solidifies the current impression that the only refuge from career-mad wives and neglected children is an utter, abysmal stoicism. Joe Dobbs Senior, overpowered by the unpredictability of his spouse, flees to a backyard hammock from which he can gaze at the tangled confusion of a wisteria vine and make invidious comparisons. All of which illustrates a point: when the pressure gets too great, something's got to give. That something, it seems, must of necessity be the husband.

JOSEPH P. LYFORD

RADIO: Now It Can Be Said

A RADIO EDITOR, like any journalist covering a regular beat, picks up souvenirs; I've recently added a necktie and a letter to my collection.

The necktie is a beautiful, silken, hand-painted creation. Its main motif, since the donor is the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, is a tastefully arranged series of green soap wrappers. I wouldn't exchange it for two Hoover buttons plus an autographed copy of *The Hucksters*. And I feel just as keenly about the second of my fond memorabilia, the letter.

The missive was sent by a network vice-president who wrote to point out that his firm has better manners than this journal, where radio's commercialism and manners are, he thinks, misunderstood. To prove his point, he cited a certain advertisement that appeared one week on the very page where this column started. I checked, and there it was—a plug for a book called *Sex and Marriage*. The v-p was right. His network would *never* let sex raise its head on the air that frankly.

But another network has just done that very thing, and the skies failed to tumble. The network received nearly 400 letters from listeners in one week, only one of them opposed to the subject. More important, several dozen broadcasters, some not affiliated with the network, have also written in. They are grateful because a squeamish, often harmful, radio taboo has been battered down. It was done via ABC's full-hour documentary on venereal disease, entitled simply: "VD."

Erik Barnouw (national president of the Radio Writers' Guild) has been working with the United States Public Health Service on the VD radio project for some months. He has prepared much air material, including ten 15-minute recorded programs designed to play a major role in the forthcoming campaign. In these shows, syphilis and gonorrhea are called by name; the causes of infection are plainly stated; the symptoms are described; the cures are indicated. At the end of each show, the listener will be given the telephone number of a clinic in his vicinity. There has been only one problem: to get this material broadcast.

Individual broadcasters were afraid to commit themselves. "If a national network could show the pace," many of them pleaded, "maybe we too . . ." A network was found.

Much pressure was brought to bear on ABC to cancel the VD show, or at least to make it "more palatable." But ABC went ahead with a magnificent job that did exactly what it had set out to do. It not only informed some millions of listeners; it injected courage into many broadcasters. I spoke to dozens of them at the Institute for Education by Radio, at Columbus, Ohio, soon after that broadcast. I queried several other station managers a few days later in Cincinnati. They were all delighted that ABC had pointed the way.

For the VD show, Barnouw wrapped important information into an entertaining format; Martin Andrews directed the whole thing with the greatest skill; and George J. Hicks, as commentator, made the hour exciting. As a result, you can now be sure of hearing those ten 15-minute recorded shows which will go out to local stations within the next

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A letter from William Z. Foster and Eugene Dennis

)EAR NEW REPUBLIC READER:

As you know, the Communist Party is now fighting for its legal existence and constitutional rights, which the Mundt Bill (H. R. 5852) would destroy. ome two-score progressive organizations, listed as Communist Fronts" by the Attorney General, are lso immediately threatened. Indeed, House action f the Mundt Bill places all progressives in dire eril.

There is a *fighting chance* to defeat the Mundt ill in the Senate—and we Communists, together ith many other antifascists, are in this fight with ll we've got. But only the all-out effort of all mericans can prevent this blueprint for a fascist olice state from becoming law.

If the Mundt Bill were to pass, we Communists ould know how to preserve our Party and carry the fight for democracy even under the most fficult conditions. It is not from partisan interest at we appeal to you to work for the defeat of the undt Bill, and to enlist your organization in this ght.

We appeal to you because this is *your* fight. *Your* ght to stand up for peace, civil liberty, economic d social progress is at stake. Wherever the Comunist Party has been outlawed, the trade unions d all progressive parties and organizations were on smashed. In Nazi Germany, the decree outwing the Communists was made applicable to the cial Democratic Party "and its auxiliary and bstitute organizations," as well as to "other enavors found by the Reich Minister of the Interior be hostile to the State"—*just six weeks after it as applied to the Communists.*

The Mundt Bill, following the Hitler pattern, ould *outlaw* the American Communist Party. By gislative decree, it would declare that an unmed "Communist political organization" is a riminal conspiracy." There is only one "Comunist political organization" in the United States. is the American Communist Party, whose roots und soil in the American working class a hundred ars ago.

The sponsors of the Mundt Bill are trying to conal from the American people the plain fact that is fascist measure would outlaw our Party. They y they only seek to require us to "register" our dividual members. But, as patriotic Americans, could not become an accessory to the crime of murdering the Bill of Rights. We would not give de facto sanction to this attempt to legislate Hitler's Big Lie that Communism is a "criminal conspiracy." We would not expose our members to FBI persecution and blacklisting in employment, and thus facilitate the application of such forms of repression to all other progressives.

We submit that you, as an individual, would suffer a loss of your democratic freedom if the Communist Party were to be outlawed—and that your organization would be seriously hampered in its activities. For the outlawing of the Communist Party would give reaction a further pretext to hunt down as hidden Communists all critics of the bipartisan war policy, all militant trade unionists, all advocates of equality for the Negro people—in a word, all progressives and fighters for peace. It would carry its hunt into the ranks of your organization, into your home.

We Communists believe that the Mundt Bill is an act of war preparation, as well as a desperate bid for fascist power. We believe that the most effective way to assure its defeat is through mass action, the united mass action of all adherents to the Bill of Rights, Communist and non-Communist.

We urge that you, either with us or through your own organization, throw your full weight into the Senate fight for the defeat of this fascist bill.

We hope you will write and tell us what action you have taken, and that you will contribute to our Half Million Dollar Fund to Defeat the Mundt Bill.

We will be glad to send you more information about our Communist Party—the Party the House Un-American Committee and the sponsors of the Mundt Bill hate.

Sincerely yours,

William Z. Foster, Chairman
Eugene Dennis, General Secretary

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few months. They will be worth listening to. Particularly effective is one of them, "Crossroads Ballad," written by Ben Kagan and sung by Tom Glazer.

Other good recordings are going the rounds or about to be aired over local stations in behalf of excellent causes. The American Cancer Society has put on seven network programs. Perhaps the best of these was one done by CBS the Sunday I was in Columbus. Katharine Hepburn and Cathy Lewis (of the CBS "My Friend Irma" program) were featured in a drama called "Two Lines." The title referred to a lady novelist's discovery that there was a good book in her experience, summarized in the two simple statements: "I had cancer. I was cured."

When I harp on "public service" programming, as I often do, this is the kind of broadcast I mean. Of course an organization like the Cancer Society is in a fortunate position: it is almost impossible to object to its aims. On the other hand, there is a good deal of ignorant opposition to admitting into the United States many of the displaced persons still interned in Europe. Yet the Citizens' Committee on Displaced Persons has had considerable success with its radio campaign.

Eighteen of this committee's radio transcriptions—nine 15-minute shows, and nine others of half-hour length—have been accepted by 436 radio stations. The best of them is a 30-minute dramatization entitled "A Man with a Cause." In this case, the committee hired one of radio's top directors, Mitchell Grayson, and gave him his head. He wrote his own script, starring Henry Fonda, and featuring Aline MacMahon in a role similar to the one she plays in the movie "The Search." Of course stations are using this show. What local outlet would not be tickled to sponsor such top-flight talent, especially when it comes free?

Admission of DP's is certainly as unwelcome to many people as mention of VD. But give the radio industry real showmanship, and you can get it to accept the clatter of controversy. Even trade unions have discovered that. But the showmanship must rise in direct proportion to the possible resistance an idea may encounter. With that rule in mind, radio can be used for your ends, even if the aims are "controversial."

SAUL CARSON

THEATER: The Real Thing

HIGH PRAISE has already been accorded the Habimah of Palestine—playing a limited New York season at the Broadway Theater—praise bestowed both out of sincere enthusiasm and a desire to help make a success of an ambitious and idealistic enterprise. But the Habimah (Hebrew for "Stage") deserves more than praise; it deserves understanding. Its work consists not simply in doing good shows; it is an object lesson in real theater.

As with every genuine creation, a complete criticism of the Habimah's contribution would entail a complex analysis that might include some adverse commentary. Only characterless work is without blemish. To be "impartial" in a short review in an American paper about a theater like the Habimah; to point out what is good and what bad, when in a season we ordinarily feel free to rave over nine or ten shows that will be forgotten within six days or six months, would be quite unforgivable. My emphasis therefore will be entirely on the positive aspect of the Habimah's season.

"The Dybbuk," first of the Habimah productions to be done here and the first in the Habimah's history (it was shown originally in Moscow in 1922 and has been given more than a thousand times since), is a theatrical masterpiece. The play itself—written in Yiddish before it was translated into the Hebrew the Habimah uses—is a simple folk tale about the Chas-

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sidic sect of the Jewish people. The Chassids worshiped God not so much by adherence to the letter of the law but through joyousness of spirit—song, wine, dance and mystic contemplation.

"The Dybbuk" is a kind of "Romeo and Juliet" in which Romeo dies in the first act—from excessive zeal in cabalistic study, as well as from a broken heart. He survives as a "dybbuk"—the soul of one who has died too young—that has entered the body of the girl whom he loved and who was denied him by her purse-proud parents. When the "dybbuk" is exorcised, the girl dies.

The original play is delicate and sweetly moody. But Vachtangov, the Russo-Armenian pupil of Stanislavsky, who directed it, looked on it with a stranger's eye. He saw two things: the opportunity to create a new and striking theatrical form out of almost legendary material, and a way of making an indirect social comment in line with the ideology brought to birth by the Russian revolution. The actors of the Habimah were fanatically devoted to their national identity and to the theater—particularly the Moscow Art Theater whose newly discovered directorial genius was Vachtangov. These actors were also, remember, Jews, to whom Moscow, the seat of the revolutionary regime, had but recently been opened.

The result of this fusion of director, company and play was a kind of phantasmagoria of that religious environment characterized by hieratic rigidity—as if ancient superstitions and customs were being both celebrated and entombed. Inspired by the doctrine of the new day, the director and actors of "The Dybbuk" felt a horror for the beggarliness that was one of the diseases of the Jewish past in the old Russia and a critical detachment from the richer Jews who—together with the beggars—appear before us in the wonderful wedding party of the second act. The mystic world of the Chassids is studied with loving care for its treasures of fascinating imagery, but it is finally shown as a weird and grotesque world, a somewhat frightening relic of the past.

It is not enough to say that "The Dybbuk" is a great work of stylized theater; it is important to see that its style derives from a point of view. It is an organic growth from the study of manners and traditions in which essential rhythms of movement and sound have been molded by a thought that has almost more scorn than affection for the meaning of those manners. One might object to such an interpretation of "The Dybbuk"—as some people do who find it cold and "un-Jewish"—but what is beyond dispute is that we find here one of the very few productions in the contemporary theater in which a conception is carried through and beautifully articulated in its every moment. Sets, costumes, make-ups, voices, speech, gestures, choreography and music are orchestrated to a significant and stirring unity.

Many years have passed since "The Dybbuk" was first presented, and perhaps some of the emotional drive that made it has slackened, but the magnificent form of the piece remains virtually intact. This form given it by Vachtangov has served to shape the whole style of the Habimah. A variation on it may be seen in another of its productions, "David's Crown," by Calderon. This is a tragedy of royal succession in which the author used Biblical figures instead of the seventeenth-century Spanish ones he probably had in mind.

Staged in 1928, the play employs the ancient Greco-Egyptian mask much as "The Dybbuk" uses that of the ghetto. Less original than "The Dybbuk," it is none the less a masterly production in the vein of heroic-poetic drama. There is a kind of grave and raw splendor about it. The scenes of sexual violence have a special freedom, conciseness and power. Many more details are especially noteworthy, but of these as well as of what we might learn from the Habimah I hope to speak when I discuss the production of "The Golem" and "Oedipus Rex."

HAROLD CLURMAN

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MOVIES

Fait Accompli

IT IS a matter of theatrical convention that, when a spy story is presented on stage or screen, the unscrupulous foreign agents either owe allegiance to Ruritania or are the servants of Napoleon, George III, the Czar Nicholas or some other potentate long removed from international affairs. The only exception occurs during or immediately after a war—then the villains may wear monocles and click their heels or hiss through protuberant teeth. I think the rule is never otherwise violated, and I must therefore conclude, on the evidence of "The Iron Curtain," that Twentieth Century-Fox considers us at war with the USSR.

I have no doubt that Russia employs spies and that she bribes, cajoles or otherwise persuades the nationals of foreign countries to divulge restricted information. I assume that England does the same thing; if the United States does not, I am surprised and a little indignant. It occurs to me, however, that Russia must have been in an unhappy isolation during the late war if espionage was her only method of obtaining vital military information from her allies.

According to "The Iron Curtain," which is based in turn on the Canadian spy trials of 1946, Russia heard a rumor that we were working on atomic energy. She wanted to know more, but we—that is the Americans, the British and the Canadians—were not giving away that kind of information to our comrades-in-arms. They had to spy for it. Now, on the basis of this evidence, you may want to ask yourself who was on which side of an iron curtain.

The film shows us a group of Russian officials in Canada—a rigidly indoctrinated, ruthlessly disciplined group—engaged in spying on a country they freely call the enemy. Our hero is a code clerk. All nations use code for diplomatic messages, but you can make the process seem sinister by act-

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ing it out behind steel doors in little rooms where music plays loudly to drown out the possibility of overheard conversations. This code clerk arrives in Canada a loyal, mindless tool of Stalin, but pretty soon his wife joins him and pretty soon a baby joins them. The wife discovers that Canadians are nice, friendly people and the husband concludes that Russia is no place to bring up a son. So, when he is ordered home, he steals documents, gets them to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and Russia's fat is in the fire.

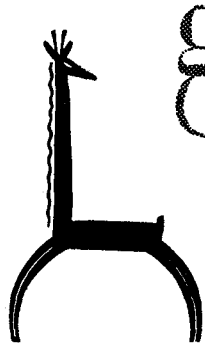
There are some other touches. For instance, a major in Intelligence "drinks to forget" and blurts out that his hands are covered with blood and his dreams most unpleasant. The head Intelligence officer (super spy) holds a cigarette in a finicky way and blows smoke rings at his underlings. His secretary is one of the spies, using the major's weakness and lust for the purpose of espionage, but it all comes back to me.

There are also some references to the fact that "we have ways of making people talk" and there are some fanatic speeches about "the decadent democracies" and the inevitability of the class war. I doubt that these were in the official records of the trials. At the end, against a twilight landscape in which the code clerk's family romps, a commentator tells us that this fine young man lives now on a great ranch, constantly guarded by the Mounties and looking forward to the day when free men can live again without fear. A day few of us will live to see, I presume.

As a thriller, I'm neutral to "The Iron Curtain." It has tense moments, but it is wordy and full of ancient devices. About its implications I feel strongly. I am old-fashioned enough to want my wars declared for me by the President, and not by a motion-picture company—not even one blessed by the Thomas committee. According to the tenets of freedom of expression, Twentieth Century has the right to make this film; according to the same tenets, I have the right to call it mischievous.

ROBERT HATCH

RESORTS RESORTS



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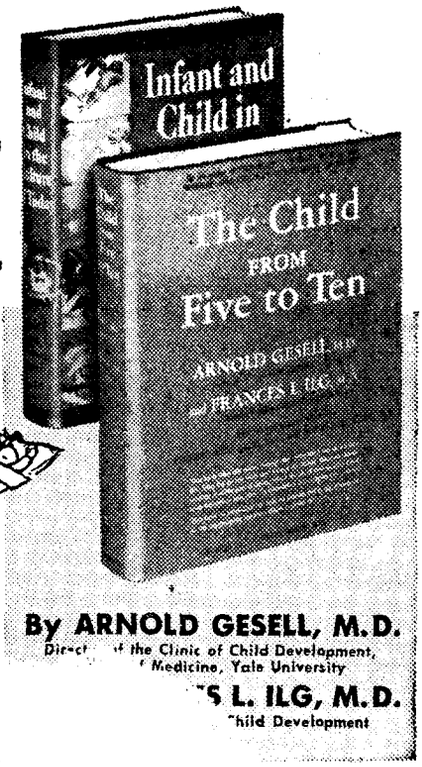
Every child has the PROBLEM of growing up



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